

Good Morning 311

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

But all Inventions aren't crazy

Declares
Rex Albertson

IN war, strange as it may seem, terrific strides are always made in scientific development. Inventions that will play a big part in peace continually come to the fore, and although some, at first glance, may sound a little on the crazy side, in most cases they have proved to be very useful.

The Americans, like the British, have always been an inventive people, and according to Zoltan H. Polachek, a U.S. patent agent and engineer, who has been engaged in this business for the past twenty years, it is having one of its greatest booms of all time. Apparently, nearly every American nurses a secret desire to become a second Edison.

One young inventor, Jim Godwin, of Philadelphia, has worked out a fool-proof identification scheme. In the course of his work he noticed that spies could very easily forge identity badges if they wanted to enter a factory. So he decided to make a device whereby a worker, on pressing his identity number on entering the factory, caused his previously taken photograph and finger-prints to fall on a screen beside the guard at the gate.

Many experts consider this war-time invention very useful. As I said before, our American friends have produced some novel ideas, and glancing through this list of U.S. patents may cause many a laugh. But



And they're keeping some for you, Tel. Edward Patterson

THERE was much activity in the kitchen when a "Good Morning" photographer called at your home at 99 Stratford Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the "officer-in-charge" was Mum. It looked as if she was all set to make some chocolate cake, which we know is a tasty morsel of the finest making.

You can guess who's peeping into the pot. Of course, it's Tom, who was home again on leave, and Jeannie, your sister, stood by with a jugful of water to make the

mixture. She says, "I'm improving in size every day." By the way, Mum is saving some icing sugar to make one of those scrumptious chocolate cream cakes on your next leave. It's worth waiting for, too.

There is only one thing wrong with this picture, Edward. Dad was not on it. He was away at work owing to a snowstorm causing some breakdown at his job. But he sends you his love nonetheless, as do all at home. Good Hunting!

with blunt tips. The inventor is said to have experienced several uneasy moments in the past through umbrella ribs being prodded into his eyes.

7. A cigarette printed with advertising matter which only becomes visible when the

past few years. As a matter of fact, several scientists, working in great secret, have designed a new type of fireplace which turns smoke into flames, and increases by 500 per cent. the heat intensity of burning coal.

I understand, even when the new fire is refuelled with slacks and dust coal, which in the old-fashioned grates smoulders for nearly half an hour, the smoke flames within a few minutes.

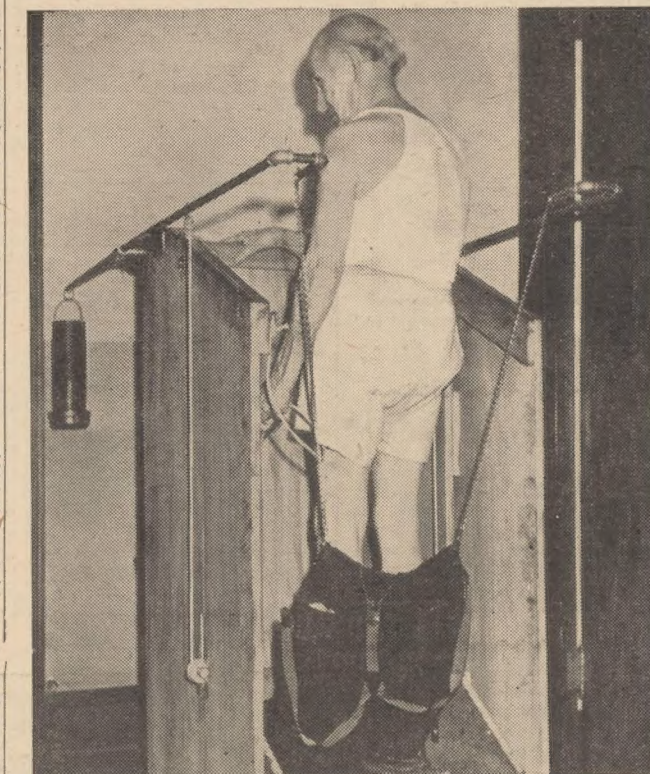
And so one could go on for a long time revealing the new and novel ideas that have resulted from hard brain-work on the part of would-be inventors. Some, as we know, sound strange on paper, but are full

And to the left is
a cold morning
Gadget—A U.S.
Self-Pants-Putter-
on—S'Fact!

of use in practice. Who, for example, would have thought a car that lets out a cloud of smoke behind it would ever be of much use? But the Germans are learning to respect such a car. Whoever thought, as well, that you would be able to get soup that "heats itself." But you can.

All these advancements have been the result of war. When peace again reigns, most of them will take their place among the other inventions that make our everyday civil lives so pleasant.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



never forget, among the ideas cigarette is being smoked. There are, as you will imagine, many more inventions of a similar nature, but several have been adopted for war service, and details of their work cannot at this stage be revealed.

Another American effort which surprised—and amused—most was a coffin with built-in illumination. Many people always fear being buried alive, and to them this invention is said to have been specially developed. I wonder if many people will want, however, to purchase one?

British inventors, of course, have not been slacking over the

1. Eyeglasses with a rear-view mirror attached.
2. A burglar-catching window. This drops and catches the burglar around his middle when he is halfway over the sill.
3. A wrist watch with an alarm device which taps the wearer's wrist at a set hour.
4. An alarm clock that a heavy sleeper places over his bed. At the set hour the clock drops pieces of cotton over the sleeper's face.
5. An ice-bag shaped like a hat for people who suffer badly from headaches.
6. Umbrella ribs provided

with blunt tips. The inventor is said to have experienced several uneasy moments in the past through umbrella ribs being prodded into his eyes.

7. A cigarette printed with advertising matter which only becomes visible when the

Dick Gordon Presents

STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

Talent Spotters at work

HEADING the bill of H.E.S.A.'s latest road show will be Tony Gerrard, who calls himself "Britain's original talent spotter." His stock in trade is a weekly sum of £5, which he will distribute in prizes to the winners of his talent competitions.

Gerrard, who has handled three-quarters of a million competitors and eight hundred talent competitions, expects to find plenty of real talent amongst Service personnel.

He was a gunner in the last war and began his talent spotting in 1920. He will not judge the competitors himself—this will be done by the applause of the audience.

So remember, chum—you, too, can become a star!



Our two-ton Tessa

Somers and his band. She next made a six months' tour of the Colonies. On returning to England, she starred in a production on Blackpool pier—the first of many seasons there.

Turning-point in her career came when Jack Hylton presented "Garrison Theatre" at the London Palladium. Tessa was brought in during its second week's run, and her vitality and pep so won the audience at her first performance that the show was "held up."

Just prior to the present war, she paid a visit to relatives in Boston, Massachusetts. While in America she broadcast over all the networks. In New York, she made five public appearances with Mayor La Guardia and was given a great welcome. She presented prizes at baseball games, race tracks, ice hockey rinks, and baby shows.

She receives between seven and eight thousand letters a week from men in the Forces all over the world

LATEST Hollywood shortage is aquacuties.

For the spectacular water ballet sequence which will highlight Red Skelton's forthcoming Technicolor musical, "Mr. Co-Ed," M.G.-M. is launching an extensive search for glamour gals who can swim.

An aquacutie must be a combination show girl, dancer and mermaid. She should be a shapely five feet six inches tall and weigh about 120 pounds. Beauty is of foremost importance. Her ability to swim rates second. Girls possessing these qualifications will make ideal aquanymphs.

"Mr. Co-Ed" will feature thirty-two shapely mermaids, headed by former swimming champion, Esther Williams. The water ballet sequence requires a pool 300 feet long and 100 feet wide.

A STAR comedienne of British music hall, variety and revue, "Two-Ton" Tessa O'Shea makes a "hit" whether in a stage or radio show.

Overseas listeners to the B.B.C. short wave services will have heard her in "Band Box," "Music Hall" and "Britain to America" programmes.

Born in Cardiff, just before the outbreak of the last war, Tessa soon showed herself a talented child. At the age of five she began entertaining wounded soldiers in convalescent homes all along the Welsh hills. She was only twelve when Sir Oswald Stoll booked her for her first week in variety, at the Hippodrome, Bristol. During each of the next four years, three months' interlude in her school studies was arranged so that she could go on tour, appearing in halls all over Britain.

At seventeen, following a very successful tour of provincial halls, she went to South Africa in a show with Debroy

THERE are just three things Spencer Tracy dislikes doing on the screen. He doesn't like to dance. He dislikes singing. And he'd rather do almost anything else than play a torrid love scene.

Screen writers, however, have a way of disregarding the likes and dislikes of actors.

Tracy, in his newest film, M.G.-M.'s "A Guy Named Joe," has to do all three of the above. He dances with Irene Dunne, sings to her, and makes love to her in an airplane high in the clouds. "Some day I'm going to portray a hermit," Tracy declared after the filming of the scenes. "Then there'll be no warbling, no hoofing, and no kissing."

IN my mail to-day is a letter from Schnozzle Durante, who tells me that the sixty-seven-year-old music-box which was stolen from his Los Angeles home six months ago has been returned under circumstances that sound like fiction, but are truth.

Jimmy's house was burgled while he was in Palm Springs.

Among articles listed as stolen in newspaper stories was the music-box, because the comedian prized it highly. A month ago Durante received a letter from a prisoner in San Quentin, which said in part:

"Sorry, Jimmy I'm a fan of yours, and if I'd known that was your house I wouldn't have pulled the job. I read you were pretty disappointed about the music-box, and I've arranged to have it returned to you. I can't tell you where it is, but it will be delivered to Deputy Sheriff Carl Hirsch with instructions to give it to you."

The letter had been delayed because it was sent to New York, then back to California, and delivered to Jimmy at M.G.-M. Two days after it arrived, the Deputy Sheriff of Los Angeles county delivered the music-box!

HERE'S big news:—

Paramount has concluded a new agreement with Bing Crosby for two additional pictures, which will extend his long-time association with the company until June 30, 1946. Crosby will make seven more pictures for Paramount in the interim.

Now making "Going My Way," with Rise Stevens, Jean Heather and James Brown, under the direction of Leo McCarey, Bing Crosby is scheduled to do "Road to Utopia," with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour; a Mark Sandrich Technicolor musical; and a Technicolor period musical, "California."

GEORGE ("When I'm Cleaning Windows") Formby is still on top of the ladder as a No. 1 film box-office draw.

He heads the ten leading British film money-making stars in the "Motion Picture Herald's" annual poll. The list is:

1, George Formby; 2, Leslie Howard; 3, Noel Coward; 4, Eric Portman; 5, Robert Donat; 6, Arthur Lucan; 7, Margaret Lockwood; 8, Anton Walbrook; 9, Arthur Askey; 10, John Mills.

Facing New Worlds . . .

I WAS taken on as general storekeeper, with charge of trucks, petrol and asphalt. The day I started work I recovered a peace of mind and sense of independence which I had not known for years. I have often heard old sailors sigh for a life of ease, with nothing to do but eat, drink rum, and dance with the girls. I had spent ten months in that shell-back's heaven, and was glad to get out of it. It is like the bitters in a pink gin—a drop is all right, but more than a drop turns your stomach. You must have duff with your currants.

It was understood in the company that Trujillo's political supporters must be given preference when jobs were going. Things must be done that way in Santo Domingo. Consequently, a flock of bums, stiffs and loafers followed me everywhere I went, demanding collar-and-tie jobs such as those of foreman and timekeeper.

But Hardman, my boss, needed workers, not politicians, and I had act as his mouth-piece and explain that, much as he would like to oblige the President, roads could not be built by foremen and timekeepers alone, no matter how sound their political views.

At that time it was highly dangerous to mention the name of Velasquez, the exiled enemy of the President. In a cafe we hit on a bright scheme to keep the bums from our table—at least, we thought it was bright at the time. Whenever a seedy cadger appeared in the office I would pretend not to notice him, and say in a loud voice, "Velasquez told me in his last letter . . ."

J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

In English law it is an offence to drive away a car without the owner's consent, but you may ride away his bicycle, for this is not an offence in law.

The slang word "gamp" for umbrella comes from Sarah Gamp in Charles Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," who was noted for her bulky umbrella, which was always getting in people's way and sometimes tripping them up.

In classical antiquity a phalanx was a compact body of disciplined troops—the Macedonian phalanx was particularly famous—and from this name comes Falange, the Spanish Fascist Party.

Dragon's Blood is a dark red resinous substance which comes from the fruit of a Malay palm, and is much used by dentists, and also as a colouring material.

JANE



EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

There was no need to go on, for by that time the frightened bum had taken to his heels. This happened four or five times, and we all laughed at the success of the manoeuvre. Then along came Victoriano Lopez, a foreman with the Illinois Slag Company and spy on Trujillo's staff. He walked straight up to our table and picked up a copita of rum.

"Put down that rum!" I said. "Only Velasquistas can drink at this table!" He let go the glass as if it held prussic acid, and slunk out of the cafe. We went on with our conversation. A little later Lieutenant Almanzor Dujarric walked in, and stood looking about him. He was an intimate friend of mine, so I stood up and beckoned him over to join us, at the same time calling, "Sit down and have a trago, Dujarric."

He came across, drew himself up stiffly, and said, "I cannot drink; I am on duty. You are all under arrest for plotting against the Govern-

ment and talking about the President."

I thought he was joking, and replied, "Of course we were talking about the President. We are always talking about the gallo prieto, our old black fighting cock."

"Ah!" said the lieutenant nastily. "So you're calling the President a nigger, are you? And you're supposed to be his friend! Along you come to the fort, the whole lot of you!"

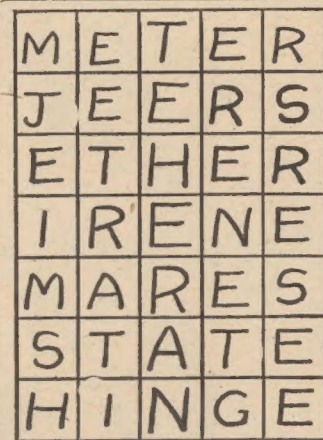
I was put in a cell high up in the tower, where the political prisoners were kept, each in solitary confinement.

I had to sleep on the bare flagstones, which were icy cold, even at midday. Neither the sun nor anything else had ever warmed them, except the feeble heat of a prisoner's body. I ached in every bone. The food was scanty and bad—dry bread, beans or rice, washed down with unsweetened black coffee which was not even tepid by the time it reached my cell, high up in the tower.

The sunburn faded from my arms like the colour off a dying mackerel, and my skin turned the tint of a fungus in a damp cellar. For all I knew to the contrary, I was doomed to remain a prisoner for the rest of my natural life, unless Trujillo handed me over to a firing squad, to cut the expense—I almost hoped he would.

None of my friends came to visit me. They had either forgotten my existence or feared that any interest they might show would only focus suspicion on themselves. Outside my cell armed sentries tramped night and day, their heavy boots echoing through the flagged corridor. Pushing my face against the grating in the door, I called out to them as they passed, asking them to deliver a message to Trujillo, Major Cyprian, or other friends in the city. Usually the sentries paced on, adopting a wooden expression, and pretending not to hear, but now and then one would curse me fiercely and make my cell door rattle with a crash from his rifle-butt.

Things went on like this for two months, when a new sentry patrolled the row of cells which held the political prisoners.



Solution to Puzzle in No. 310.

The sentry came up to the grating and stared at me suspiciously, but at last his keen eye penetrated my whiskers and he remarked without surprise, "It's Señor Burky!"

He was a good-natured fellow, and after a little persuasion produced from his tunic pocket a scrap of dirty paper and a well-chewed stub of pencil. Guessing by now that no Dominican would dare to approach me, no matter what his private feelings might be, I scribbled a note to an American friend in the telephone company, begging him to come to the fort and bring some cigarettes.

Mr. Elder, the British Charge d'Affaires, came to my cell on the morning of February 29 and said that he had to get me away to the nearest British port. I asked to know why I was being deported, but could get no information. At noon the immigration officer escorted me to the Legation, where I filled in forms and was given an emergency passport before being taken back to the fort.

I was put into a car, with the soldier sitting at my side; I was warned I must not attempt to speak to anybody. When I walked through the lounge with the soldier treading on my heels the people stopped talking to stare at me. My face was caked with dirt, my beard had never felt a comb in the fort, and my hair almost needed hairpins. I had not taken my clothes off night or day since the morning of my arrest. Even judged by Dominican standards my appearance was against me.

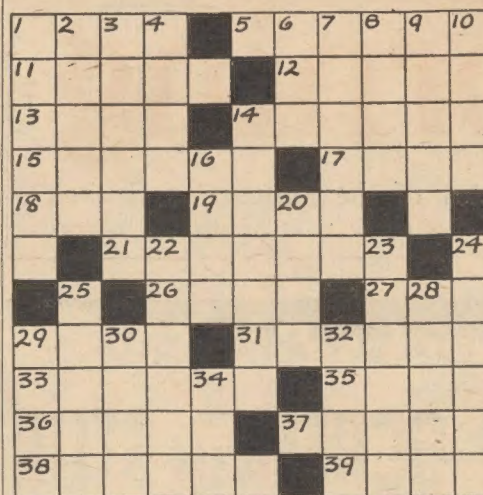
Jones, the chief engineer of the Consuelo sugar estate, had heard that I was in the soup, and wanted to know if he could lend me a hand. Captain Fernandez gave me permission to dine at Jones's house, knowing that I should not attempt to escape. He was a shrewd officer, and had gathered from my conversation that I had wearied of the charms of Santo Domingo and only wished to see the last of it. I spent a pleasant family evening, at the end of which Mrs. Jones gave me three English pound notes, left over after a holiday in London.

On March 3 the local immigration officer put me aboard the "Warspite."

The evening breeze freshened, and at nine o'clock the "Warspite" cast off, slipped out through the boats of the fishermen and stood out to sea. The nigger sailors sang as they hauled up the sails, green phosphorus gleamed in the bubbling wake, and the lights of San Pedro de Macoris slid aft and were gone. I leaned over the rail, looking at the dark outline of the country which had been my home for seventeen years. I had landed with five dollars, and now left with three pounds, together with a certain amount of experience, which might come in useful. I was fifty-two, with the world before me.

END

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Male animal.
- 5 Firm.
- 11 Silly.
- 12 Additional.
- 13 Floor covering.
- 14 Indemnify.
- 15 Abominate.
- 17 Young rascals.
- 18 Conclude.
- 19 Trees.
- 21 Devoted.
- 26 Guiding strap.
- 27 Girl's name.
- 29 Young attendant.
- 31 Horse-like animals.
- 33 Scrape off.
- 35 Connect.
- 36 Flat scoop.
- 37 Reception.
- 38 Restricting rope.
- 39 Direction.

SHAFT FUSEE
ARROGANCE
SIMON GIRLS
PROW J TOSH
A UNRAVEL A
TOR EYE LSD
STYLE ISSUE
T ADDE M
MARY R TRAP
AWE MEN ICE
PAPERWEIGHT

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Quarter.
- 2 Agreement.
- 3 Dominion.
- 4 Entangle.
- 6 Mound on course.
- 7 Home duty.
- 8 Iota.
- 9 Stone fruit.
- 10 Barks.
- 14 Convert into fact.
- 16 Trust.
- 20 Archaic cows.
- 22 Give discount.
- 23 Get.
- 24 Valuable box.
- 25 Thick rope.
- 28 Windmill blades.
- 29 Over.
- 30 Pluck.
- 32 Puffed.
- 34 Scottish river.

WANGLING WORDS—266

1. Put a well-known Charlie into BUAN and make a well-known Jack.
2. Rearrange the letters of TIDY ALARM to make a Service Headquarters.
3. Altering one letter, at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WHEAT into FLOUR, WEEKS into YEARS, EVEN into DAWN, PLAY into TIME.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from LIVERPOOL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 265

1. ThackerAY.
2. SIERRA LEONE.
3. BOIL, COIL, COOL, COOK, COCK, HOCK, HACK, BACK, BECK, NECK, NAIL, TAIL, TOIL, TOLL, DOLL, DOLE, DALE, DACE, RACE, RACK, TACK, THINK, CHINK, CLINK, CLANK, CRANK, CRANS, CRAGS, DRAGS, DRAWS, DRAWN, BRAWN, BRAIN, SLOOP, SCOOP, SCOOT, SHOOT, SHORT, SHORE, SHARE, STARE, STARS, SOARS, BOARS, BOATS, COATS, COALS, COOLS, POOLS.
4. Acid, Dice, Cite, Line, Nail, Lain, Tail, Take, Dent, Tend, Tile, Late, Date, Dine, Dial, Laid, Deal, Lead, Dean, Dale, Lean, Cent, Cant, Dace, etc.

God made the wicked Grocer
For a mystery and a sign,
That men might shun the awful shop
And go to inns to dine.
G. K. Chesterton.

Tea, although an Oriental
Is a gentleman at least;
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast.
G. K. Chesterton.

"The horror of that moment," the King went on, "I shall never, never forget!"
"You will, though," the Queen said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it."
"Alice in Wonderland."

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.
"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."
"You mean you can't take less," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take more than nothing."
"Alice in Wonderland."

QUIZ for today

1. How is amber obtained?
2. People who collect coins call the back of a coin the "reverse." What is the other side called?
3. Which country first used the swastika as its emblem?
4. What is the colour of a white horse's eyebrows?
5. "A sudden thaw will cause water pipes to burst." True or not?
6. How many wings has a bee got?
7. How tall is a monkey-nut tree?
8. Do you believe you'll ever find a pearl in an edible oyster?
9. Discreet means prudent; what does discrete mean?
10. If you had some cinnabar would you boil it, put it on, crush it?

Answers to Quiz in No. 310

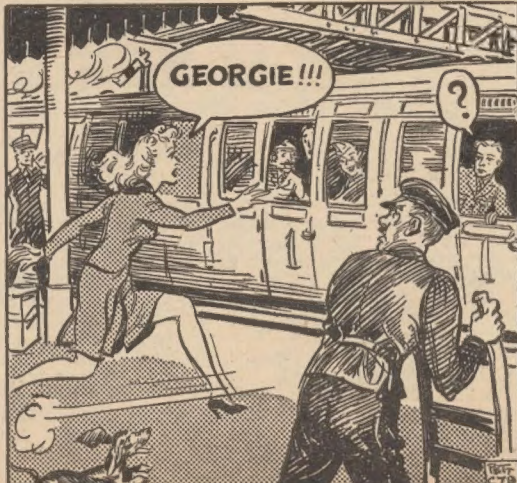
1. No; the whale and the elephant have larger brains than man.
2. Tin.
3. A disinfectant is not used on the human body.
4. Andorra.
5. A doctor who specialises in treating madness.
6. The female mosquito.
7. Red wine is made from grapes with their skins on; white wine is made from grapes from which the skin has been removed.
8. Supine.
9. A scar.
10. The 59th.

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

- My first is in SILICON, not in RHODIUM,
My second's in POTASH, not in SODIUM,
My third's in PERCENTAGE, not in FRACTION,
My fourth is in CHEMICAL, not in REACTION,
My fifth is in BROMINE, not in HYDROGEN,
My sixth is in CARBON, not in NITROGEN,
My next's in EXPERIMENT, not ANALYTICAL,
My last is in SCIENCE and in PHYSICAL.

(Answer on Page 3)



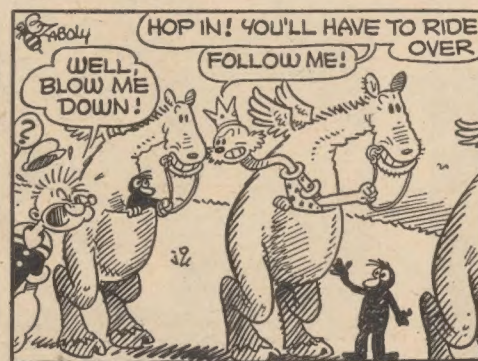
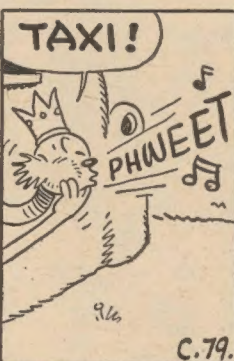
BEELZEBUB JONES



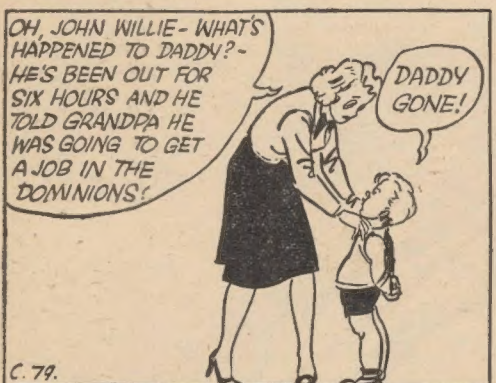
BELINDA



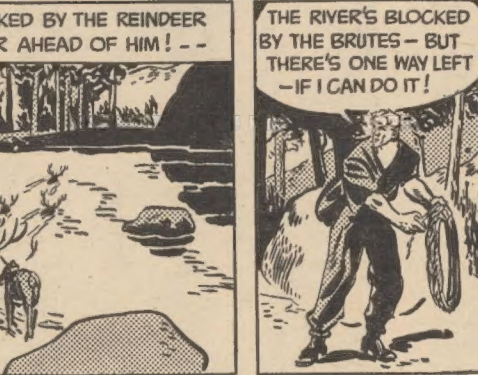
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Sermons Preached to Order

TWO hundred pounds to the Vicar of Dartford was left in the will of Mr. Everard Hesketh, who died recently, "in payment for an annual sermon or lecture to emphasise an item in the Creed of a Christian." Thus one more annual sermon was added to the already considerable number that are preached on varying dates every year in accordance with the directions of long-dead persons.

The majority of these sermons date from the 16th and 17th centuries, when endowing an annual sermon was a not uncommon habit with those who died wealthy and pious.

Oldest of the endowed sermons is believed to be that preached every January at the Church of St. Mary, Bury St. Edmunds, in accordance with the bequest of one Jankyn Smyth, who died in 1481, "a devout, God-fearing man, who gave much of his riches to benefit the poor of the town."

This sermon has been preached for more than 450 years without a break.

Jankyn Smyth also left money for those who hear the sermon. All the inmates from local almshouses who attend receive 1s. each. Afterwards cakes and ale are distributed.

Only the cynic would suggest that those who left payment for the congregation as well as the preacher had in mind the possibility that without this inducement there would be no listeners.

The small payments to the congregation were intended as acts of charity.

MONEY FOR THE GUY.

In the case of the "Guy" sermon, preached every November 5th at West Wickham, Kent, under the terms of an ancient endowment, the congregation of 40 poor parishioners receive 1s. each. The endowment says they must be "unblemished Christians," a qualification which, if taken literally, might make it hard to fill the church.

This Guy Fawkes sermon, preached "to cement faith in Church and King," is only one of several endowed for this purpose as a result of the Gunpowder Plot.

In Nottingham, at the Church of St. Peter, a sermon is preached on November 5th, under the will of one Peter Jackson, who died in 1630. The preacher gets 40s. for two sermons, which must "acknowledge God's mercy and give thanks for the deliverance of this land from the 'Invincible' Armada and from the Gunpowder Plot." The Armada sermon is preached on July 28th.

Times change, and the subject of the sermon laid down in the will often becomes, after a few centuries, merely quaint.

Modern preachers have to interpret the wishes of the donors for a full-blooded denunciation of Roman Catholics in a liberal way and deal rather with the faults of the churches as a whole.

One of the most curious "sermons to order" is preached at South Mimms, in Hertfordshire, on Good Friday evening.

Under an ancient bequest, the local inn has for hundreds of years had to pay 10s. for this sermon—the amount was some years ago increased to one guinea. From the name of the inn, the sermon is known as "the Black Horse sermon."

On one occasion the sermon passed right out of the vicar's memory until about ten o'clock on Good Friday. Then he remembered it, hurried to the church, tolled the bell, and preached the sermon to a congregation of one—an official hastily summoned to hold a candle.

FROM THE LION'S JAW.

Most famous of endowed sermons, perhaps, is that preached at St. Katherine Cree in the City of London, under the terms of the will of Sir John Gayer, Lord Mayor of London in 1647.

It is known as the "Lion Sermon," for it commemorates the deliverance of this wealthy merchant from sudden death in the jaws of a lion in the Arabian desert. While with a caravan of the East India Company, he lost his way, and as night fell found himself face to face with a lion.

Silently he prayed, and swore that if saved he would give all the profits of the journey to the Church.

Instead of making a meal of him, the lion walked away, and next day he regained the caravan and reached England safely.

When he died, he kept his promise. Every year since the Bishop of Kensington has received £1 for the sermon. The clerk gets 2s. 6d. and the sexton 1s.

The City, as might be supposed, is rich in endowed sermons. One of the strangest is a series of "lectures" which have been given in churches every week-day without interruption for about 400 years.

The St. Antholin lectures were originally given in the church of that name, and after it was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, in other buildings until it was rebuilt. When it was demolished in 1875 the lectures were moved to St. Mary's, Aldermanbury.

But no one—not even the trustees—now know the name of the founder!

London has its Guy sermon at St. Mary-le-Bow and its "Storm" sermon at Kingsgate. This latter commemorates the escape of Joseph Taylor of Paternoster Row in the great storm of November 26th, 1703. At his death he left £50 of Government stock for the purpose.

The storm is generally acknowledged to be the worst England has known.

Solution to Mediterranean Ports.
CAGLIARI.

**Good
Morning**

★ VERY TASTY,
★ VERY SWEET ★



"And they stared at me just like two cats' eyes."



AS HAPPY AS A DUSKY
GIRL WITH A WATER MELON



IS YOUR
APPLE
REALLY NECESSARY ?



WHO THE HECK PUT
THAT MORSEL JUST
WHERE I CAN'T GET IT?

This England

When blossom bloomed in Trafalgar Square . . .
and coster-carts were heavy laden with fruit.
WHEN.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Just a little extra on
your bill,
old
chap."

